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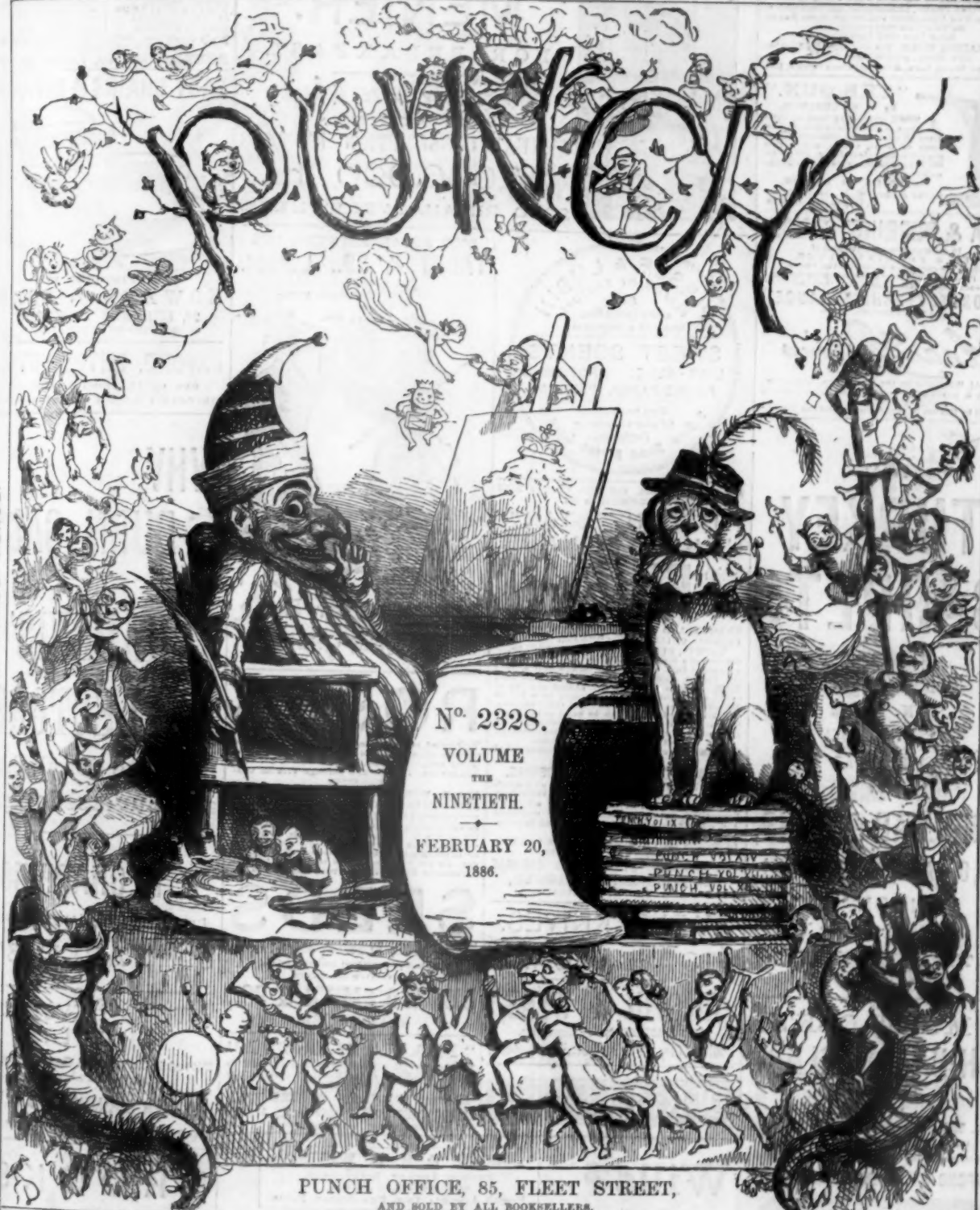
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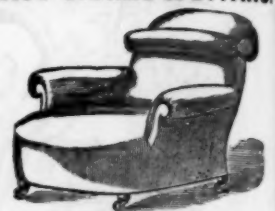
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GENEROSITY BEFORE JUSTICE.

First Bohemian. "I SAY, JOE, I WISH YOU WOULD LET ME HAVE BACK THOSE FIVE POUNDS YOU BORROWED OF ME LAST WEEK!"

Second Ditto. "OH, MY DEAR FELLOW—SO SORRY—BUT IT'S IMPOSSIBLE. I'M IMPECUNIOUS TO SUCH AN EXTENT THAT I——"

First Ditto (Happy Thought). "COULD YOU LEND ME FIVE POUNDS?"

Second Ditto (off his guard). "MY DEAR FELLOW, WITH THE GREATEST PLEASURE IN LIFE——"
[Forks out the same.]

"DEFENCE, NOT DEFIANCE."

SIR,—The recent stirring events in the West End, when London, for one evening, at least, was in the hands of the Mob, must fill the breast of every true Englishman with feelings of the greatest disgust and indignation! The Police have been blamed, but are not the inhabitants of this great City equally culpable? Why did not the respectable classes rise in their hundreds, like one man, and challenge the enemy? Like one man, I repeat—like me! Now, Sir, I will tell you what I did on that ever memorable Monday, and let my conduct prove an example, an admirable example, to everyone else.

I rose early, having received information that the Mob threatened to sack the West End. My first care was to prove to the cowardly ruffians that I was prepared for them. I hunted for a red shawl that had once belonged to an aged relative, and then, with the addition of a clothes-prop, that had been lying half-forgotten in the park-like grounds of my back-yard, constructed a most admirable standard. This I surmounted with a red woollen sailor's cap (*en suite*) that once belonged to my youngest boy. Raising this imposing banner over the portico of my hall-door, I impliedly defied the revolutionary hounds to do their worst! Having completed this preliminary, my entire domestic staff were set to work to pack up the whole of our valuables (including the silver plate and some china), and convey them, in triumph, to my banker's. "Now, you villains," I murmured, menacingly, "come and take them—if you dare!"

By this time my noble sons—three children, with voices of an angel—had learned at their brave mother's knee the tune of "The Marseillaise," and were singing it out of the nursery window with immense vigour! I thought, "If these dastards do come this way, they shall have a warm reception!" For a while all was quiet—much to my disgust, as I wished to show my prowess—my power!

I was cursing the luck that seemed to seize from my lips—or rather

my breast—a civil Victoria Cross, when a shout of "They're coming!" told me that the time had at length arrived for action! Hastily assuming the military garb of an ex-Militia man, prepared for the worst, I hurried into a Hansom, and, in the twinkling of an eye, was at the Wellington Barracks. I was well received by the Sentries on duty, and even feebly recognised by the Officers at the School of Instruction. Then I explained my plan to the Captain of the day. I proposed that the whole regiment should turn out, and be sent to the front! "And," I continued, "to prove with what rapid strides Science is progressing, I will lead them—through a Telephone—myself!" Will it be believed my proposal was declined! But I was invited to remain at the Barracks—at my own suggestion.

The excitement grew, until at length I considered it necessary to pay a visit of inspection to the cellars. So desirous was I to see that they were in a proper state of defence, that I stayed in them for hours, until one of the soldiers informed me that all danger was over, and I need keep my weary watch no longer! It was then that I determined to return home, feeling that the mob having dispersed, London was safe from further invasion.

I retraced my steps until I reached my hearth, which is at the same address as my home. As I neared the door I heard the voices of my children still singing the "Marseillaise," and found the red flag floating from the portico! I looked right and left, and finding I was unnoticed, entered my hall. Drawing my sword, I declared that I would execute marvels of valour before it again was sheathed, and to fill up odd moments, began to toast crumpets on its sharpened point. Night closed in, and we were Saved! Saved!! Saved!!!

Thus did I defend London a week ago! And what I could do surely there are others who could do also!

Pour encourager les autres, I sign myself,

Yours daringly,

27, Little Peddington Square.

A RESERVED OFFICER.

A FEW "IFS" FOR ONE BUTT.

If A. and B.—they're man and wife—
Are rather tired of wedded life,
If A. and B. should both agree
To make a Co-respondent, C.,
Will A. and B. get their divorce,
And C. be never a whit the worse?
If so, then they, to gain this end,
Would find in C. a useful friend.
If possible, then many a farce
May be performed in the Court of Divorce.
Where Judge and Clients and Counsel may
Their parts with gravest faces play.
If such a case arise, has not
The Court's informer a power got?
Cannot it order inquiries
Into the charge against friend C.?
This is the mode on the Continent,
If not so here—then which is wrong?

"BETTER LATE THAN NEVER."—The Oxford Undergraduates have just started their A. D. C., or Amateur Dramatic Club. Its Elder Sister at Cambridge is now just—well, we mustn't mention the lady's age. We can't forget that she started like a *Cinderella*—in whose history a certain Prince played a prominent part—while this young one at Oxford appears before the world with approbation of the Vice-Chancellor of the University and the Mayor. The Lady, therefore, comes out with something very superior, by way of "Gown," and is at once accepted and received by the *élite* of the Town. And their first performance, on last Saturday night, when the new Theatre was opened, was *Twelfth Night*, or *What You Will*. When the Cambridge A. D. C. commenced, in fear and trembling of Proctors, their piece ought to have been, *Any Night*, or *What You Won't*. But stolen pleasures are sweet, and these were, at all events, harmless. Our Representative is at Oxford, and will have something to say about the O. U. A. D. C. in our next.

"CHERCHER LA FEMME."—A "difficulty" between Mr. PARNELL and Mr. TIM HEALY. When two men quarrel, the first question of course is, "Who is the Lady?" And when the answer has been given in this case, the exclamation will be "O! SHEA!"

COMBINED NAME FOR THE TWO AUDLEY STREETS (suggested February 9, 1886).—Dis Audley Street.

SNEAKING SEDITION.



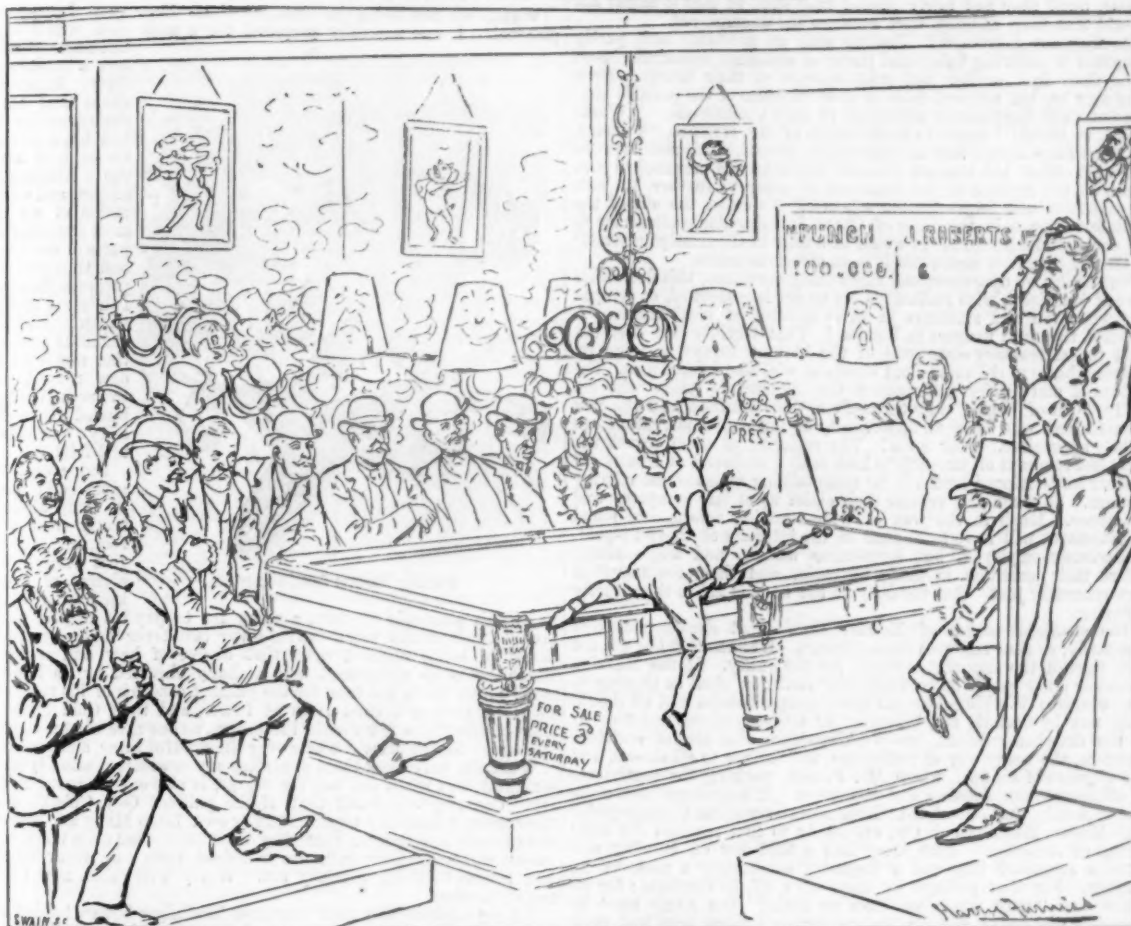
MR. PUNCH GIVING THEM ROPE ENOUGH.

MR. CHAMBERLAIN declines to recognise Messrs. HYNDMAN, BURNS, CHAMPION & Co. as the true representatives of the unemployed workmen of London. Mr. CHAMBERLAIN in this does well, though he puts it rather mildly. Official reserve and diplomatic reticence may make it necessary to intimate delicately to a skunk that it is not suggestive of frankincense, or to beg a tiger at large not to make itself too troublesome. Mr. Punch, however, is not bound by official

reserve, or tied down to diplomatic reticence. And revolutions are not quelled, any more than they are created, with rose-water.

The Trumpeter in *Esop* did not escape punishment on the plea that "he neither had, nor could, kill any man, bearing no arms, but only a trumpet." The reply of his captors was practical and pertinent: "Though you yourself never fight, yet with that wicked instrument of yours you blow up animosity between other people,

INTERIORS AND EXTERIORS. No. 28.



A BILLIARD TOURNAMENT.

and so become the cause of much bloodshed." Could Esor have been posted in Trafalgar Square on our latest Black Monday, he would, in the three or four blatant Trumpeters of Sedition who prated a mixed mob to passion-heat, and then discreetly withdrew whilst that passion found vent in wrecking and ruffianism, have seen the completest modern "application" of his old-world apologue.

They neither do nor can kill any man, these cowardly Catilines of the gutter. Poor creatures, no! Their weapon is wind; they are the bellows, not the flame—the trumpet, not the sword. Comfortably broadcloth'd denouncers of middle-class comfort, adequately pence-provided railers against the wicked well-to-do, they counsel robbery that they think will not touch their pockets, and suggest the shedding of any blood but their own.

Represent the unemployed workers, indeed? Not they! They represent fanatic hatred, and shallow conceit. That is to say, they represent themselves. Egotistical excogitators of a brand-new social scheme, they call upon poverty, which is blind, and ruffianism, which is ruthless, to help them in bringing about the chaos which they are pleased to consider an essential preliminary to their own pet improvement upon Providence. "Principles are rained in blood," says the Poet Laureate, sorrowfully. And it is sadly true. But these sanguinary egotists cry to Heaven for the red shower, to make their own spindling little fads to flourish.

The cause of the poor in our days requires strenuous and unselfish advocates. The terribly unequal distribution of the good things of life, and the unjust social arrangements which help to bring it about, demand the solicitous attention of the thinker and the philanthropist, the economist and the legislator. For these very reasons, no good man will wish to see that advocacy in the hands of the empirical firebrands of fanaticism, or that cause fought out at the

instigation of sophistry, and with the aid of ruffianism, in the streets. That will only check sympathy, and put back practical improvement. The sacking of struggling tradesmen's shops, in times, too, when distress is by no means confined to the unemployed operatives, is no step on the road to the righting of social wrongs, or the relief of the suffering poor. Demonstrations that begin in a flood of incendiary clap-trap and end in an orgie of brutality, will do not good, but harm, to the honest wage-earners. That these are "exploited" by the Capitalist, the Monopolist, and the Middleman, is too true; but that will not be avoided by their allowing themselves to be exploited in another way by the spouting Sedition-monger and the Official Self-seeker. Mr. BURNS may orate, and Mr. KENNY may "organise," but there is no help in them. The cry "To your tents, O Israel!" may one day have to be sounded, but not at the summons of such as these.

Interrogated by interviewers, Messrs. HYNDMAN & Co. are full of sounding assumption, and of oracular swagger. "We" contemplated this, and "We" intend to do that. What they have done, aided by disgraceful official negligence, is to give a few London streets for a few hours over to the vilest and most violent form of Mob-law. Of that achievement they possibly are proud. Verily they ought to have their reward. Mr. Punch has pictorially suggested what that reward should be, if they had their full deserts. Mr. BURNS is of opinion that to hang Members of Parliament would be "to waste good rope." Mr. Punch would feel, he admits, no such strained scruple in Mr. BURNS's own case. A gentleman who talks so glibly of gallows and lamp-posts for the objects of his frothy enmity would no doubt feel that he would honour the rope, rather than waste it. Failing such payment in full, a fine of, say, £10,000, to be applied to the relief of the prevailing distress, might approximately meet the

case, Mr. HYNDMAN and his friends being put to prison, with hard labour, until they had fairly earned that sum, so that it might not be said that they, at least, were amongst the unemployed.

Do they not deserve it? Dealing with an excitable mob, partly composed of suffering toilers and partly of skulking scoundrels, blood is on their lips, murder and cruel outrage at their hearts. Fools they may be, but not *such* fools as to be unaware of the possible outcome of such incitements addressed to such a multitude. "Work, Bread, or Blood!" seems to be the motto of Mr. HYNDMAN's choice. He must have known that an appreciable portion of his audience did not want either, but loot and licence. These he was prepared to give them, at the expense of the innocent, in order to further his own preposterous and impracticable schemes. To enlist the aid of the predatory classes in the cause of Chaos, is a singular preliminary to the Socialist Millennium. It would be a folly in the crassly ignorant; in the intelligent or instructed it is an atrocious crime.

But whilst we denounce, and righteously denounce, this detestable pact of fanaticism with ruffianism, let us not lose sight of, or sympathy with, the real sufferers in these hardest of hard times. A hundred thousand paupers in London! That terrible fact does not need the sanguinary comments of the blatant BURNS to bring its meaning home to the minds and hearts of wise and kindly men. The prolonged and pitiful sufferings of the industrious toilers who are really "Out of Work," only themselves, their families, and the few sympathisers who have an opportunity of intimate observation can rightly appreciate. Poor souls! The majority of them would use their last remnant of strength to kick such a firebrand as BURNS out of their half-stripped homes if he came talking violence and villainy to them. So much the greater their claim upon our sympathy and assistance. Much in the way of wide-reaching reform and social readjustment will have to be done in the interests of these ill-paid, precariously-employed, but industrious workers and wage-earners before their condition is made tolerable, and their remuneration approximately just. But the duty of the hour is aid to the actually suffering.

The shameful scenes of Monday should not slacken anyone's sympathy, or shut anyone's purse-strings. HYNDMAN & Co. did not care though the innocent suffered for the guilty. If the Mansion House or other Funds suffer from *their* fault, *we* shall be sharing it. The workless Working-Man all must compassionate, and all should help, now by friendly aid, hereafter by well-considered reform. It is the drunken, violent, un-Working-Man, the tool of sedition-spouters, the ready ally of ruffianism, the danger to all classes, and the disgrace of his own, whom Mr. Punch, speaking the sentiments of all honest men, despises and denounces. It is amongst such as he and such only, that self-styled "Representatives of the Unemployed," like Messrs. HYNDMAN & Co., are likely to find recruits for their Army of Anarchy. That Army had a field-day on Monday, and gave a surprised City and a disgusted community a taste of its quality. For that perhaps we may, after all, be thankful; for we know now "with whom we have to deal." The Army must be promptly disbanded, and its leaders—brave leaders, who lead from the rear!—suspended, if not precisely in the manner pictured in the cut, in one equally summary and decisive. And in the necessary work of doing so Mr. Punch is persuaded that the first to "lend a hand" would be those genuine, industrious, often hardly-used, but honest and entirely unsanguinary wage-earners, whom the Arch-Anarchists so stupidly traduce, and their ruffianly followers so shamefully travesty.

TO WORKING-MEN.

Come all ye British Workmen who lead honourable lives,
And labour for the hearth and home, for children and for wives,
Repudiate the evil deeds late wrought by roughs and those
Who are the enemies of Law, and Order's bitter foes.

The sullen tramps who every form of occupation shirk,
The loafers who have never done a day of honest work;
The thieves who sneak down areas, the burglars armed to slay,
The doers of all kinds of wrong that shun the light of day.

Smug HYNDMAN, in his broadcloth, urged such men to smash and rob,
But wot we well his watch and chain were safe within his fob;
He egged curs on to outrages, to wage a social war,
Yet kept his own skin safe the while he cheered them from afar.

Such are no fit companions for honest folk and true,
Such are no real allies, good friends, for Working-Men like you;
We know your hardships, and Heaven send you better days in store,
But down with those vile plunderers, and list such men no more.

Teach them that British Workmen hold the Law in due respect,
Teach them who robbed defenceless girls, you've strong arms to protect;

Down with these Social Democrats, let Workmen lend a hand,
And sweep these thievish miscreants for ever from the land.

THE RUNNING FOOTMEN!

WELL, we are living in stranger times than even I supposed possible. I was naterally prepared for a good deal wen I herd



Putting his best foot foremost.

Cabinet Ministers a mockin at City hinstitoo-shuns and City sherrymonials as had bin a goin on for sentrys amid the hincreasing respect and veneration of all the most importantest parts of mankind, and then achally proposing toerbolish 'em at one fell swoop! But the ordashuns preposition met with its dew reward, and the rash Nite was hurled from his lofty eminence, and fell!

But, alas! the gibes and geers he flung about so freely had took root, and, for the fust time in the histry of man-kind, a Lord Mare,

in all his pannoply of state, a going for to pay his respects to his lawful Prinse at his hown lawful levy (whatever that may mean), insted of being reseived with that degree of haw and respect to which he is so akustomed, was achally chivvied by an howling mob! And had it not been for the gallient conduct of his two nobel Footmen, in their Cocked Hats of Power, and their Gold Sticks of Offis, assisted by a few duzzin Pleacemen, no one nose what mite not a appened. Let us draw a whale over the dredful idear, and proceed.

Well, the werry nex thort as strikes my bewildered mind is one of contrarst, and witch tho' one for regret, is also one for proud rejoicing. Can any one doubt that, if the gallient City Officials stood their ground manfully to protect their own LORD MARE and Marster from insult and danger, that they woud have stood even much more bolder, and much more gallanter to defend their own LADY MARESS and Missus? Why, suttlenly not. Werry well—then now to my tail of contrast.

Let my readers carst their eyes from Traffalger Square to Ide Park. From the seen of glory to the seen of shame. What is it that I sees in that arnt of Buty and Fashion? Can I bleeve my eyes? Yes, I can, and I do, and what do them estonished and blushing eyes see? A cowardly Mob a tacking defenseless butiful Ladies in carriages, and the lordly Footmen with their gorgeus array, and their fatted calves a running away faster probably than they hever run afore, a leaving them as they was bound to pertect, and whose clothes they was a wearing, and whose vittels they was accustomed to heat, four full meals a day, besides hextras on hollydays, to the untender mercies of a howlin Mob! What a subjee for thortfool meddytashun!

The grand old City so edicates its ofishals from the werry ighest to the werry lowest, that they are always reddy at the caul of duty, and even the humbel Footman defies the howling mob to move him from the foot-board to witch he has attained by long ears of good conduct and onest ambition, and meets their derysive shouts with the paleness of shupreme contempt.

On the hother hand the aughtly swells of the West End selects their amost equally aughtly Footmen for their hight, or their figger, or their prowd demeanor, and so wen the hour of trial comes, the hireling fleas becoz he is a hireling, and not traned in the parth of duty by the traydishuns of the past and the haspirashuns of the future.

And as it is with Footmen so it is with Waiters. If you wants respec from 'em you must show confidence in 'em, or when the time of trial cums and you looks for currage from the fust or for disherection, or even concealment, from the second, you will get insted of ether, Running Footmen and Torking Waiters, and then how long will life be wurth living? With armless Ladys left to their fate, and open arted and open tongued gentlemen finding their most secretest rewelations the common tork of their Clubs, the fashionable world will begin to wish with a si that they had follered the good example of the grand old City and by care, and kindness, and respec, produced sitch a crop of bold Footmen and discreet Waiters as are suttlenly not to be matched elsewhere in this United Kingdom of Great Britain and Wales.

ROBERT.

FOREIGN NOTES OF A RECENT TRIAL.

To the Redacteur in Chief of the "Gazette of Paris and the other Worlds."

DEAR COLLEAGUE,

ACCORDING to your direction, I presented myself for to assist on Friday last, at the Royal Courts of Justice, to see how these Insulars conduct their law-suits. I wandered along the passages until at last I found an angry crowd of Barristers divided into two



Gentlemen of the Jury; or, Complimentary Admissions to a Private Box.

bodies—one in front of a bar, the other behind it. They fought like demons, and all declared they were "in the case." It was a dreadful sight! I am told by one of the janitors that they were a portion of "the Unemployed." The janitor made me the explanation that as I was Foreigner there would be no difficulty about my gaining admittance, if I said

I was Ambassador. I followed the advice, and was at once allowed to pass through the door into the Court. It was a wonderful sight, that Court! The place had evidently been seized by a section of "the Unemployed," for already the back benches were quite full of white-wigged Advocates. I heard from the gossip that flew about, that the case was a political one, yet full to the tops of the fingers of domestic interest. "Well," I said to myself, when I found from an Advocate the most obliging, who said he was "taking a note," that the new ATTORNEY-GENERAL had for his colleague JAMES-SIR-HENRY, "why not engage your friends?" And I was also not surprised to find from the same Advocate so polite (who said he was M. BRIEFLESS) that Monsieur JOE CHAMBERLAIN was there. "Is he not his friend?" I said, and thought that friendship has to herself the claims. Suddenly there was a crash, and the remainder of the Unemployed swept in! It was a moment of danger! How they did rush in! These unfortunate ones! Then the Judge entered, and bowed to the Bar, and, sitting in his chair, regarded the Gallery—he too had friends, this magistrate the most distinguished. At this moment there was a murmur, and the Turkish Ambassador was received. "Ah!" I to myself did whisper, "the wily old fox! He has come to see how it will help him with the Eastern Question!"

And then the moment arrived for them to commence. And now judge of my surprise, my indignation, my astonishment! They put the Jury in their box! "Well, not much in this," you say—"why not the Jury?" I will tell you—I who speak will tell you—"why not the Jury?"

"Who is he who they do put in the Jury-Box, as what you call—is it not—the Foreman?" I asked of the Advocate the most energetic beside me.

"That is Mr. CYRIL FLOWER, Liberal Member of Parliament," returned Monsieur BRIEFLESS.

I opened my eyes, but said, "Well, it is a coincidence. It means nothing! Monsieur FLOWER happens to be selected by a chance!" But there came another surprise, another horror, another coincidence—bah! coincidence! Monsieur JOE CHAMBERLAIN, Member of the Cabinet, was put into the Jury-Box! You hear, to give such a verdict they put Monsieur JOE CHAMBERLAIN in the Jury-Box! It is true that Monsieur JOE CHAMBERLAIN looked very dignified, very horrified, very surprised, at some things he heard. But ought he to have been there? Oh, shocking!

And Monsieur FLOWER! Ah! that Monsieur FLOWER! Once he said something to Monsieur JOE CHAMBERLAIN, and "Mr. RUSSELL," (as the Attorney-General was addressed by that "Devil," Monsieur WRIGHT—Monsieur BRIEFLESS told me Monsieur WRIGHT was a "Devil." Ah! appearances they are deceitful!) shook his finger at him, and was very angry! And why was he angry? Because Monsieur FLOWER was saying "chats" (word English) to Monsieur CHAMBERLAIN when a witness was being cross-examined! Ah, "Mr. Attorney" is very fair! Very good! But there is more!

Ah, another Jurymen! Can I believe my eyes? Am I not head-mounted? The Turkish Ambassador! Yes, he too—this gloomy one—was to help! A verdict from that trio! It was too much! England is coerced! England has no liberty! Albion is perfidious indeed! So I rushed away—I waited not for the decision. That

you already know. It has come to you by telegraph. And what is it? A paradox! And what else could one expect from such a "Jury." Listen! CYRIL, JOE, the Turkish Ambassador! Bah! Accept the assurances of my greatest consideration,

(Signed)

JULES CANARD.

1267, Vauxhall Bridge Road, South Belgravia.

P.S.—I am told that the trial I saw was heard without a Jury! How can this be, when I tell you—I who speaks—I saw them, CYRIL, JOE, and the Turk, with my own eyes, in the Jury-Box! It is a subterfuge, what they call a "bang-cracker-bang!" Oh, shocking!

YEO HO!

As last week we recommended the perusal of Dr. ROOSE's *Wear and Tear of London*—the *Roose in Urbe* article in the *Fortnightly*, so now we have to thank Dr. BURNIE YEO for his consolatory essay on "Food Accessories," in the *Nineteenth Century* for this month.

"Food Accessories," though including accidentally pickles, may be taken in a general way as a synonym for "drinks of all sorts," and it is delightful to know that Dr. Yeo's observations may be summed up in this golden rule—"Drink whatever you like and whenever you like it, as long as from experience you have found out that it, whatever it may be, agrees with you."

Dr. BURNIE YEO's prescription agrees with us, and we agree with Dr. YEO.

I like you, Dr. BURNIE YEO,
The reason why I'll let you know.
A good example do you show,
That's why I like you, BURNIE YEO.

"Food Accessories" is so much more elegant, as a term, than "drink," that we hope it will soon be brought into popular use. "Will you take some Food Accessory? Give it a name. Another bottle of '74 Food Accessory, if you please. Now, Gentlemen, bumpers!"

Champagne drinkers and champagne firms too ought to be grateful to Dr. BURNIE YEO, who gives it a distinct superiority over other wines in accelerating digestion. POMMERY AND GRENÔ should send him a medal. Then it is absolutely a restorative in itself to be told on such authority that "small quantities of claret, hock, and even of sherry, act as pure stimulants." Bravo! Also "a moderate quantity of light beer, when 'well up,' is favourable to stomach digestion." Let it be clear, amber-coloured, decanted Bass; let it be well up and then well down. The learned Doctor is rather down on tea, but the small cup of black coffee immediately after dinner is harmless if not too strong.

Dr. YEO utterly dissipates the idea which possesses some timid drinkers that effervescent table-waters, taken during dinner, are good for digestion. He says, "they exercise a considerable retarding influence,"—and certainly the practice is cheerless and unsociable, and now that there is such an authority against it, let us hope it will be banished from the tables of all whose "food accessories" would be insulted by being so "craftily qualified." Once more, thanks to BURNIE YEO—a name, by the way, which is strictly English, and yet looks uncommonly like that of a Chinese Philosopher.

BEER VERSUS WATER.

WHEN the men who supply us with adulterated beer fall out with the men who provide us with impure water, the British consumer may perhaps expect to "hear something to his advantage," in due time. The other day a deputation from the Licensed Victuallers of Walworth waited on Mr. BIRCH, Q.C., the Police Court Magistrate of Lambeth, complaining of unjust extra charges made upon them by the Southwark and Vauxhall Water Company. Mr. BIRCH intimated his opinion that the Wilters, not the Water Men, were in the right, but said that opinion was not binding. Only a "pious opinion" in fact. He advised them to send a deputation to the Company! We do not know whether the Wilters took as their motto "*Credo Biron*." Mr. PUNCH would suggest that the two parties in this pretty and promising quarrel should refer it for settlement to the arbitration of Sir WILFRID LAWSON and Mr. ARCHIBALD DOBBS.

"At a time like the present," said the *Daily News* last Thursday, "the one thing which the Authorities must do is to keep their heads." But if the Heads are so useless as they evidently were on Monday the 8th, the sooner they are lost the better. Any change in the Heads must surely be for the public benefit. The Chief Head gets £2100 per annum. A valuable specimen of a Constable this ought to be.

THE "Labour" for the "Unemployed Rioters"—Hard, and three months of it.



BLASÉ!

Hostess. "YOU ARE NOT DANCING, MR. LESTRANGE. LET ME FIND YOU A PARTNER!"

Splendid Masher. "A—THANKS, NO. I—A—NEVAH DANCE,—EXCEPT AT CHILDREN'S PARTIES!"

"THE GREAT UNEMPLOYED."

A SONG FOR SCOTLAND YARD.

AIR—"The Death of Nelson."

'Twas in Trafalgar Square
We heard Sedition blare;
Each heart was sickened then.
We'd scorned the foreign Reds
Who cracked each other's heads,
But here were madder men.
HENDERSON marked them howl and rave,
But little heed that hero gave.
Let Roughdom smash and loot, he
Stirred not, appeared not, formed no plan.
And London owned at least one man
That day had shirked his duty.

And now the rabble roar,
And plunder as they pour;
No Bobbies stop the way.
London, for order famed,
Is startled, shocked, and shamed
By this disgraceful day!
Right dearly is experience bought.
The maddened Mob surged, smashed, and
fought,

Unchecked, for drink and booty.
From mouth to mouth the murmur ran,
"London has found a trusted man
This day has shirked his duty."

Pride feels a painful wound,
Dismay is spread around;
Our trust has been deceived.
But shirkers must be tried,
If need be thrust aside,
Our credit be retrieved.

Policedom's honour is at stake,
Policedom from its drowse must wake;
It guards home, wealth, age, beauty.
From Chief to youngest guardian
London must know that every man
Is equal to his duty!

"A RADICAL SNOB."

WHAT did W. M. THACKERAY say about him, which you will find in *Contributions to Punch*, lately reprinted in one Volume by Messrs. SMITH AND ELDER? Says he:—

"Perhaps, after all, there is no better friend to Conservatism than your outrageous Radical Snob. When a man preaches to you that all Noblemen are tyrants, that all Clergymen are hypocrites and liars, that all Capitalists are scoundrels, banded together in an infamous conspiracy to deprive the people of their rights, he creates a wholesome revulsion of feeling in favour of the abused parties, and a sense of fair play leads the generous heart to take a side with the object of unjust oppression."

"The frantic dwarf . . . becomes a most wicked and dangerous Snob when he gets the ear of people more ignorant than himself, inflames them with lies, and misleads them into ruin."

This was in 1846—just forty years ago—and, with some slight modification, necessitated by changed circumstances, what the author of the *Snob Papers* said of Young Ireland then will be found pretty true of some of Ould Ireland's Patriots in this Year of Grace—may it never be of dis-grace—1886.

ADVICE TO SOCIALISTS.—Don't flaunt a red flag before the eyes of JOHN BULL.

SLUMMER-TIME.

"THE Slummer" who goes slumming in the Slums for the *Pall-Mall Gazette*—fancy a Journal with such an aristocratic name keeping Slummers in its employ!—commenced his last Friday's Article thus:—"Donning my special night-slumming costume (which is neither evening nor Court dress)"—here he is wrong; surely the costume ought to be a Court dress—a very low Court dress, also suitable for an Alley—the Special so attired might adopt the signature of ALLEY SLUMMER—with apologies to Mr. A. SLOPER, whose gift of a Testimonial Picture we have not had till now any opportunity of acknowledging. The plucky Gentleman who does the Slumming has, we should imagine, to take a considerable amount of bad drink in the course of the evening, though he only mentions two—a pint of ale, and a cup of tea. At all events it is evident that "One Swallow doesn't make a Slummer." It was an interesting Article, showing that the best allies of the Socialists are the Thieves.

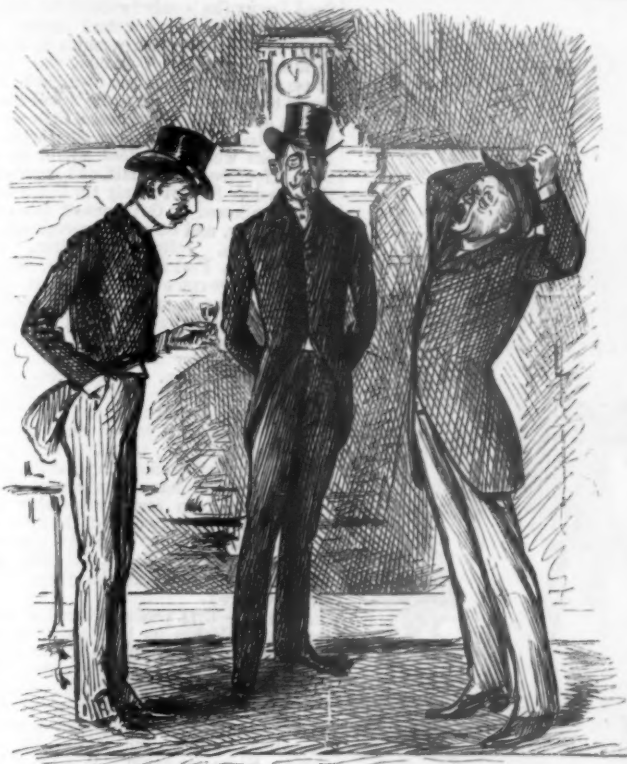
A Suggestion.

MR. PUNCH,
We have Naval and Military Volunteers, why shouldn't there be a Corps of Police Volunteers, well armed, drilled as regularly as the other Volunteers? There are plenty of the Unemployed who might serve in such a Corps, and the discipline would do them a heap of good.
Yours, who has
ONE IN HIS EYE.



"THE GREAT UNEMPLOYED."

(The Chief Commissioner of Police, Feb. 8, 1886, the first Day of the Rioting.)



A MEETING OF THE UNEMPLOYED.

SOMETHING LIKE A DRAMA!

BEING unable to attend a performance of the *Galley Slave*, I sent my youthful assistant, "TOMMY the Tester" to the Grand Theatre, Islington, to represent me. The Child-critic reports that he didn't know why such a name should have been selected for the piece, as there was nothing in the story to suggest it. "But," he adds, "perhaps it was because all the actors were American, though they spoke English very well, considering." He came in time for the end of the Prologue, and found, he says, a Lady and Gentleman kissing one another. Then a crowd came in and cheered them, bringing with them a little girl, in a Venice dress, all sorts of colours. Then the kissing Gentleman kissed the little girl, and the kissing Lady said, quite angrily, "How dare you? I am jealous of a child!" Then she tumbled on her knees and said, gravely, "Poor little thing, forgive me?" and then "the Curtain fell down."

The next Scene was laid in Rome, where a Gentleman in an Eye-glass was sitting abusing the ceiling. Upon this Gentleman called a very wicked person, who was, like the "Demon of Mischief" in the Pantomime, with long hair, and an Astrachan coat. He told the Gentleman in the Eye-glass that, wishing to marry a Lady (that "TOMMY the Tester" subsequently distinguished as the "Golden Girl"), he had "dismissed his wife and child," and thus become a Baronet. Before this promotion, he had been only a Painter; and, said TOMMY, in explanation, "You know it was a very low thing indeed to be an Artist in Rome." All this the naughty Baronet told the Person in the Eye-glass, "on his oath and word and honour of a Gentleman," that it should go no further—a pledge given on the condition that the story should not turn out to be "fishy."

Then a beautiful Lady, all covered with jewels, came in, and gave a Gentleman in a Curly Wig, her card, set in diamonds. But the Curly-wigged Gentleman was soon displaced by the Demon in the Pantomime, who drove him away, and kissed the Golden Girl "because he liked her so much." And as he was thus embracing her, his first wife and child (who it will be remembered he had "dismissed"), who "had been looking for him for years," put their heads in, and saw it. And then there was a row, and the Golden Girl went into hysterics, and the Curtain fell down.

In the Second Act the Golden Girl had married the Naughty

THE POET TO HIS QUARTERLY ALLOWANCE.

By the Author of "Mine to-day," "How long will it last?" "How will it be?" "What do you think?" &c., &c.

(WITH APOLOGIES TO MAY PROBYN AND ISIDORE DE LARA.)

COME what will, you are mine to-day,
At any rate till you've been paid away,
But you're most of you owing, I'm sorry to say,
And how will it be when I've spent you, eh?

Where shall I hide when the tradesmen call?
How shall I ever appease them all?
You are mine to-day! But I won't talk tall,
For how will it be when I have to sing small?

You are mine to-day (as is too well known),
To chink and to rattle and call my own,
But how will it be when the duns come down,
And I have come down—to my last half-crown?

You are mine to-day, in convenient form,
You'll do, for the present, to stay the storm:
But how will it be when creditors swarm?
And what *shall* I do if they make it warm?

You are mine to-day, whatever befall—
Though duns for their settlements shout and bawl—
I have got a back-door, if the tradesmen call;
There's "my Uncle" still, when I've lost my all.

IRRATIONAL AND ANTI-NATIONAL.—At Morley Hall, Hackney, there was a row. Someone played "*God Save the Queen*," on the organ, and this loyal strain was too much for the Republicans (with whom on no account must we confuse the publicans), who struck up "*The Marseillaise*." This came out in evidence, in the assault case before Mr. HANNAY, who gave the unsocial democrat fourteen days with hard labour, and without the option of a fine, a sentence which we hope would have been pronounced by Hannay other Magistrate in a similar case. But for Englishmen to take to singing "*The Marseillaise*"—bah! it's disgusting—we don't want to "adapt" our communism "from the French."

Baronet, but why she had done it the Tester could not make out, "as *she* loved some one else, and *he* had another wife, unless it was that he said he was so fond of her." And the Curly-wigged Gentleman called, and was "mistook," and by order of the Demon taken off to prison, upon which the Golden Girl fainted again, but this time fell on her face.

The next Act was the prison where were the "Dismissed" Wife, the Golden Girl, and the Curly-wigged Gentleman. And the prisoners were all in cells, the men being on one side, and, as the Tester said, "the Ladies on the other." Then they were all rescued, and went into hysterics. In the last Act the Golden Girl was kissing the Curly-wigged Gentleman, when the Wicked Baronet said "they oughtn't." But the curly-wigged one "said they ought." Then the Wicked Baronet said he hadn't married his "Dismissed" Wife, but it was proved that he had by a document brought by some people from behind a screen. Then the Gentleman in the Eye-glass, who hadn't been seen since the first Act, came on, and said that he would tell the whole story, as he now thought it "fishy." Then everybody said the Wicked Baronet ought to be sent to prison for seven years, and then the Curtain fell down. This is the plot of the *Galley Slave*, as communicated by "TOMMY the Tester," which would, no doubt, have been clearer had he been a little older. SQUIBBLER.

Song of the Socialist Spouter.

AIR—"Blue Violets."

VIOLENCE, sweet Violence!

Beautiful brute Violence!

Nice to see the dupes we've maddened to thy practice led.

Nice to see them stealing, smashing,

Shop-fronts wrecking, faces bashing,

Whilst we hug our theories, and—hurry home to bed!

OLD SAW RE-SET.—Mr. HYNDMAN in ordinary life is lamb-like. He has rather a soft and pleasant voice, with which the Rough is caught; and would his voice were a policeman! This fact is but a modern instance of the old saw, which evidently Mr. HYNDMAN adopts as his motto: "You must take the Rough with the Smooth."



DOUBTFUL.

Ponderous Policemen (in chorus to Small Boys). "HERE, YOU. MOVE OFF! THE HICK AIN'T SAFE!"

THE BOY BURGLAR AGAIN!

Morning.—Sent off to Board School for first time. Father says, "I'm such a desperate young scapegrace, he'll be glad to be rid of me." Mother says the same. Jolly new slate and satchel. Wonder what they'll fetch? Raise two bob on them at once at pawnbroker's. Meet JIMMY WILSON (by appointment) at grog-shop. Lay in twopenn'orth of brandy each, and feel up to anything. Feel like what JACK SHEPPARD felt, in that jolly book young BILL SIKES lent me. BILL joins us. Says he's got a revolver, and no end of silent matches! Hurrah! Feel more like JACK SHEPPARD than ever.

Later.—I've got revolver too! BILL said it wasn't like JACK SHEPPARD if we only had one pistol among three. Asked me if I hadn't got "any blooming pocket-money." I said no. Told me to go home and steal as much money as I could find, and come back. Didn't like it, but BILL said it was just what JACK SHEPPARD would have done, and "he'd swing for me if I didn't obey him." Ran off at once, and stole ten shillings; got a jolly revolver now all to myself, and bullets. Don't know how to load, but BILL does.

Afternoon.—JIMMY WILSON shows us empty house, where we can lie dark till night-time.

Send JIMMY (he's only twelve years old) out to get pork-pie, loaf, a dark lantern, and some bottled beer with remains of the ten shillings. Jolly feed. Council of war. What house shall we break into to-night? BILL seems to know one. Says he's had his eye on it a long time. I suggest a little riot all by ourselves, and smashing shop-windows. BILL asks what good *that* would do us? BILL's fourteen and a half, and knows more than we do. Says it's only the Unemployed that are allowed by Government to do that sort of thing, and we ain't unemployed, are we? Winks. Jolly fellow, BILL. Jolly pork-pie, too. Feel rather nervous. Wonder if JACK SHEPPARD ever felt nervous. BILL calls me a sneak, and asks me what's the good of being thirteen years old if I'm not prepared to act like a *man*? Gives me a lot of bottled beer to drink. Curious, feel quite plucky again. Let off revolver by mistake, and nearly kill JIMMY WILSON, who begins to cry bitterly, and says "He'll tell his mother if I'm not more careful." BILL kicks us both, and then we clear out of house by back window for fear the report of revolver may have been heard. Spend time till dark in corner of empty field. BILL gives me penny copy of *Boy Pirates*; or, the *Black Gang*, to read; also *Dick Turpin*. Jolly stories, but feel cold. Shall be better when I'm really burgling. What swells we are!

Evening.—BILL produces bunch of skeleton-keys. Makes us both swear on book (which he says is a Bible) to be true to each other, and to "spill blood like water." Says JACK SHEPPARD always did this. Tell him I don't remember anything about it in book. Says if it wasn't JACK SHEPPARD, it was DICK TURPIN, and it's all the same thing. Kicks me again. Wonder if DICK TURPIN or JACK SHEPPARD were kicked before going on a robbing expedition?

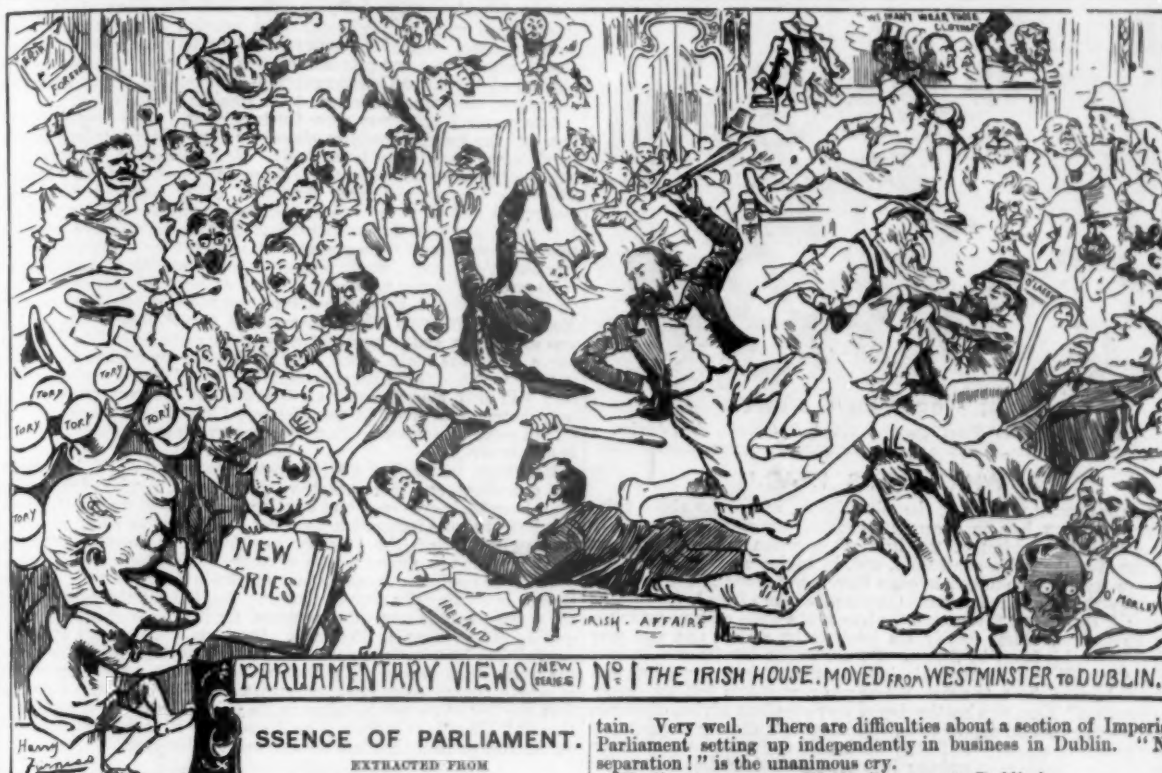
Night.—Inside a house at last! Waited two hours to see people well out of it. Got in by area door. Feel jolly frightened. Revolver in one hand and lantern in the other, and don't know which is which. JIMMY WILSON has run home! BILL says "He'll kill him to-morrow for certain." Was just going to imitate JIMMY, but think I'll stay now.

On Roof.—There was a bull-dog in house, and we didn't know it. He's chased us on to roof, and is barking furiously. What a shame to leave a brute like that in the house! And he's not muzzled! What did JACK SHEPPARD do when he met a bull-dog? BILL badly bitten all over. He tried to shoot dog, but his revolver wouldn't go off. Oh dear, what will my poor mother say?

In Police Cell.—Been crying all night. Want police to send for my mother. They laugh, and tell me I'll have to see the Magistrate first. Wish I'd never read *Jack Sheppard*. BILL (in next cell) hammers on wall, and tells me "not to be a spooney, or he'll skin me alive when he gets out." Oh dear! Wish I had run away with JIMMY WILSON.

At Home.—Sore all over! Magistrate recommended Father to take me home and "birch me soundly." He did. Wonder if JACK SHEPPARD ever got birched? Looked me in a room by myself, with bread and water for food. Mother crying at keyhole. What a donkey I have been! Wonder if BILL will really skin me alive, or not?

MRS. RAMSBOTHAM hears that Mr. JOHN MORLEY has been given *blanc mange* to do what he likes in Ireland.



SENSE OF PARLIAMENT.

EXTRACTED FROM

THE DIARY OF TOBY, M.P.

Monday, Feb. 15th.—Had a good week's rest. Very pleasant way of approaching business. Some people say it's a waste of time that Ministers should have to be re-elected. I say not. Gives us, on the whole, nearly a fortnight's holiday. Plenty of time to work later on. Also gives me opportunity of thinking over Irish Question, and finally settling it.

Great point of controversy is whether Ireland shall have Parliament of its own on College Green. Some say, Yes. More say, No. I say, let us take new view of the situation. What did MAHOMET do when the Mountain wouldn't come to him? He went to the Mountain.

tain. Very well. There are difficulties about a section of Imperial Parliament setting up independently in business in Dublin. "No separation!" is the unanimous cry.

We'll not separate. We'll all go over to Dublin!

Pleasant change; new sensation; Saturday to Monday excursions to Killarney; pic-nic on the Giant's Causeway; eight hours at the seaside where the Atlantic breaks upon the rugged coast of Galway. Besides, such larks in the House! In my mind's eye I see us discussing question, "That Clause Three be added to the Bill." Got friend FURNISS to draw it. Seems to be some difference of opinion expressed in various parts of the House, but quite used to that at Westminster. More picturesquely expressed at College Green.

Hope this idea won't be lost sight of. Seems to me to clear up situation, and avoids all complications in connection with the "fundamental law."

AN URGENT APPEAL.

MR. PUNCH is of opinion that the Books most necessary for a "Liberal" education are, at the present moment, the Cheque-books of the Well-to-do. If one hundred of these books are at once opened, a thumping cheque drawn in each, and the same sent, without delay, to the Mansion House Fund in aid of the Unemployed, a good example will be set, which may help to teach liberality to our illiberal rich, and remove the disgrace of that Fund's standing at so low a figure after so needful an appeal in times so pitifully hard. What are a few thousands among the helpless hosts of the Unemployed? What, we may add, are a few thousands to that other host of the Unemployed, the opulent idlers of Society, who could spare, without missing it, from their superfluity, what would save the first host from lack of the commonest necessities of existence. At present, hundreds of thousands of usually hard-working poor folk "toil not, neither do they spin," simply because they can find no spinning to do, and nothing to toil at. But their abstention from toiling and spinning, unlike that of the curled darlings of civilisation, means misery, semi-starvation, fireless grates, empty cupboards, pawned belongings, sickness, and sometimes premature death. They are not as the lilies of the field, rather as the sickly, spindling, pot flowers of the slums.

Consider them, nevertheless, ye opulent, revelling in the wealth a large proportion of which is drawn originally from the labour of those now unwillingly idle hands. Consider their sorrowful case, and voluntarily trim just a little bit that ill-poised balance of the distribution of wealth which reform will one day have to redress, and which, if you do not take heed in time, Revolution may yet essay in grim earnest the stern and terrible righting of. Do not let alarm

or anger at Monday's sputter of street-sedition and gutter-ruffianism deter you from recognition of a real evil, or relief of a wide-spreading woe. That would be unworthy of common wisdom, and disgraceful to ordinary good feeling, a folly to be expiated hereafter, an unkindness to be remembered with shame and confusion of face. Out with your cheque-books, Gentlemen! Remember we have to teach the foreign scribes, who are busy mocking us for having the red revolution at last in our midst, and being helplessly scared thereof; we have to teach those sardonic persons that, though caught napping for once, owing to the neglect of trusted officialism, we can bountifully help our really suffering fellow-countrymen, while putting down with a firm hand the firebrand fanatics who would urge them in their hunger to wild and wicked courses. *Verbum sap.*

MEM. BY A WIRE-PULLER.

M.P.'s and Caucusites know full well
That a Bye-election is often a sell!

OF THE THEATRICAL LICENSER.—Permission to play *La Petite Marquise* refused; but *Dicorcons* having been performed here before, and no one any the worse for it, is allowed. This shows that the Licenser is still PIGOTT, not Bigot.

MINWOMEN.

THE *Pall Mall Gazette* calls Scotland Yard the Dodo. Somehow the title seems hardly to fit. The Don't-Don't would sound better.



THE "CRAVEN" HUNT.

Fancy Sketch by Our Great Sporting Artist, D. Crambo, Esq., Junior.

"WHAT BOYS READ."

IN the current number of the *Fortnightly*, under the above title, Mr. G. SALMON has, in a carefully-written article, endeavoured to deal with the subject of the literary provision made by modern writers for the rising generation, and, in taking a general survey of the question, has indulged in some thoroughly sound if not particularly original moral reflections. Quoting *Pelham's* friend, *Vincent*, he says: "Do not put fiction into the hands of a child with no principle to guide him. First fortify his intellect by reason, and you may then please his fancy by fiction. Do not excite his fancy with love and glory till you instruct his judgment what love and glory are. Teach him, in short, to reflect before you permit him full indulgence to imagine." Now, this has the ring of very excellent advice, of course, though there would appear to be considerable difficulty in giving it any practical shape. To fortify the intellect of the young by reason until it is capable of exercising judgment and discrimination in the selection of fiction, seems not only to be making exhaustive demands on the supervising capacities of the parent or guardian, but, in a sense, to be putting the moral cart before the horse. For the reflective process is the outcome of the imaginative. And so it comes back to this, that all depends on the character of the fiction that is supplied to the young idea when in the process of shooting. And here Mr. SALMON shows himself by no means a fish out of water, for he is ready with a hopeful and encouraging catalogue. From *Robinson Crusoe* and *Tom Brown's School-days* down through Mr. KINGSTON's delightful adventures and those of Mr. BALLANTYNE and Mr. G. A. HENTY, to the capital Stories of Mr. HENRY FIRTH, Dr. GORDON STABLES, and Mr. T. C. HUTCHESON, not omitting Mr. ADAMS, and Mr. REED who has figured so prominently in the *Boys' Own Paper*, there is a regular fund of wholesome literature for British Youth to draw upon; and as Mr. SALMON truly remarks, "thus far all has been bright and healthy."

But on turning from boys' books to boys' journals, the prospect entirely changes. Mr. SALMON continues:—

"Morally, it is the change from life to death. The majority of the periodicals which are supplied to the children of the working classes are devoid of every element of sweetness and light. They are filled with stories of blood and revenge, of passion and cruelty, as improbable and almost impossible in plot, as they are contemptible in literary execution."

This is not overstating the case. Indeed it is scarcely possible to exaggerate the nauseous quality of the trash that is prepared, in the shape of penny numbers, for the reading of hundreds of thousands of the British young of both sexes. If proof of the wide-spread character of the evil is demanded, there are the daily records of the nearest Police Courts ready with the answer. The *Boy Pirate* and the *Boy Brigand* of fiction soon becomes the boy burglar and the boy thief of fact, and the literature which takes its heroes from the *Newgate Calendar* is fruitful in its supply of candidates for the gaol and the Reformatory.

Casting about for a remedy, the scared writer of the Article in the *Fortnightly* suggests a Press Censorship, pertinently asking the question whether there is "any greater harm in writing and publishing a libel than in writing and publishing a work calculated irretrievably to injure the minds of those who read it?" The difficulty, of course, would be, where to draw the line. What amount of vice or moral obliquity in the hero would be sufficient in the Censor's eye to render the suppression of his adventures desirable? Would the details of *The Cruise of a Boy Brigand in the Adriatic*, accompanied by a couple of captive jewelled princesses, be enough? Would the mere history of a hang-dog Pirate's experiences, without

any material expression of sympathy with his views, justify an interference with the Publisher? The solution of the matter is by no means easy. Yet, as the writer points out, no greater responsibility would attach to a suppression of this kind than attaches to the placing by the LORD CHAMBERLAIN of his veto on a play which he considered unfit for production on the English Stage.

AINSWORTH's story may serve the turn of an *Opéra-bouffe* Librettist, and the scamp himself be played by a sprightly actress without much harm being done to anybody. *Jack Sheppard*, for instance, ought not to be sanctioned by the Licensor any more than *Claude Duval*, *Dick Turpin*, or any other drama of a like kind, of which the recognised motive is the veiled incentive to crime. Still, a raid on HARRISON AINSWORTH, notwithstanding the acknowledged mischief that has been done to the young and ignorant by a perusal of his cracksmen's romance, would scarcely be the same thing, and yet the cases are sufficiently parallel to admit at least of argument. We should be inclined to suppress such romances as *Jack Sheppard*, *Roekwood*, *BELWEE's Claude Duval*, and also *Eugene Aram*, which was so severely and so justly satirised by TRACKERAY in *Mr. Punch's* pages. For the truth about JACK SHEPPARD our readers have only to refer to one of the earliest volumes of *Mr. Punch's* series, where they will find his character as described by AINSWORTH, and his true character as given in the *Newgate Calendar*, displayed side by side in parallel columns. There was no sort of romance about the real JOHN SHEPPARD.

Meantime, for want of a better remedy to meet the evil, let parents and guardians, and those who have charge and direction of the young idea, keep their eyes open and have a special regard to the direction in which it shows inclination to shoot. It is just as ready to derive its nutriment from the "penny healthful," as from the "penny dreadful," and as a mere matter of commercial enterprise, the former could be as easily forthcoming and available as the latter. Philanthropy is continually actively busying itself about the education of the young—here is something practical for it to do—let it look to the quality of its Magazine literature. It wants some energy and some capital, but both in these days ought to be forthcoming. To drive the penny dreadful out of the literary field is not a task beyond the powers of organisation and enterprise. And it is in this direction that the first steps will be taken in the material and moral amelioration of "What boys read." The *Fortnightly* is to be congratulated on the best Salmon that has been served up this year.

MRS. WESTLAKE and Mr. BUXTON managed between them at the last meeting of the London School Board, to keep the reactionary ball well rolling, and made it pretty plain that Mr. HUGHES, with his resolutions, and Sir RICHARD TEMPLE, with his financial statement, were by no means going to have the game as easily their own way as they had imagined. What the upshot will be it is not, however, easy to determine. It may be remarked that a good deal of acrimony appears to have been manifested in the course of the debate, due possibly to the injudicious conduct of a deputation that attended at the commencement of the proceedings, from St. John's Wood. This deputation appears, according to the report, to have been "somewhat noisy," cheering the speakers who sympathised with the object of their mission, but hissing and "making adverse noises when members expressed antagonistic views." Indeed, so far did they throw themselves into their cause, that it was proposed that "they should be requested to retire," and severe comments were passed upon their conduct, that was unfavourably contrasted with the conduct of Working-Men, who had previously attended the Board. Upon receiving this snub, the hilarious deputation withdrew, but as they had been on the side of the Economists, the incident, which must have left an unpleasant feeling, was not without its effect on the subsequent course of the proceedings, which ultimately resulted in an adjournment.

It is to be hoped that the reply of Mr. EDMUND HAY CURRIE, Chairman of the Trustees of the People's Palace, to Canon WILBERFORCE's inquiry as to whether it is proposed to apply for a drinking licence for the Institution when organised and finished, will dispose of the matter for good and for all, for nothing could be more fatal to the undertaking than any attempt to put it into leading-strings, though they be manufactured of the finest of blue ribbon. The idea that the British Working-Man, for whose benefit and recreation the East-End Palace has been conceived, is everlastingly in need of moral coddling, is quite erroneous, and any concession to it in connection with such an enterprise as that entertained by the Beaumont Trustees, would be disastrous to the whole scheme. That the people who patronise the Palace will soon learn to be temperate within its walls, Canon WILBERFORCE may be pretty well sure; and his attempt, literally, to throw cold water on the undertaking in this its initiatory stage is a great mistake. The classes for whose benefit it is intended are not in need of goody-goody legislation, but it is possible they would like to call for a glass of beer. And they ought to have it when they do.

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